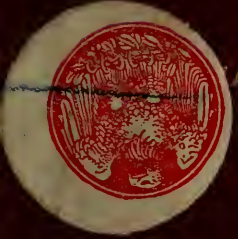


THOUGHTS ON SOCIAL  
PROBLEMS AND  
SCRIPTURE READINGS  
IN VERSE.

A. C. SCHAFER.



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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





Thoughts on Social Problems and Scripture  
Readings in Verse.

BY

EMMA C. SCHAFER.

*Caroline*

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PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

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MY COUNTRY; 'TIS *TO* THEE.

Fair lands, green fields, and budding trees—  
Sweet wild flowers shyly nodding in the breeze;  
O rapturous scenes which stir the heart to throb  
In unison with nature's living God!

Yet 'neath the gladsome joy, I feel the thrill,  
The saddened memory of the inhuman will  
That prompts the proud and great, life to deny  
For those oppressed, who toil, and groan, and sigh.

"I want a home!" the honest workman cries,  
Then with a courage great, he nobly tries  
To earn, and save enough through long, slow time,  
To buy a place, that he can say, 'Tis mine.

In vain; ere he from daily needs can save,  
His hair is turning white; he nears the grave.  
Perchance if wife and children he doth own  
When dying, leaves those dear, without a home.

My Country, for thy homeless children I do pray  
To thee: A little lighter make the way  
For men and women trying to be good;  
Their strength upheld, temptation is withstood.

Ye men who hold the power to change our laws,  
Help now your brothers in a righteous cause;  
Give them a chance, and they will hold their own.  
For love of God, of Country, and of Home.

## THE FORECLOSURE.

We can't get a thing till the interest is paid,  
Old Sikes says if it ain't, he'll foreclose.  
We've worked real hard, yet the half is not made ;  
Where does he think I'll get the money, d'ye s'pose?

The taxes were higher than even *last* year,  
The hay crop was a failure, you know;  
The apples brought little, and grain isn't dear ;—  
I guess the old place 'll have to go.

Now don't cry so, Mary ; I know it is hard,  
And the children,—they love the home so ;  
When they can't play and sing in the pretty front yard,  
Their hearts will be broken, I know.

But what can we do? We've little to wear,—  
Ashamed to be seen at the church,  
Where they talk of God's help and provident care,  
But I guess He's left *us* in the lurch.

There, there, you know I don't mean that when I say,  
For I well know God isn't to blame ;  
But I wish that those fellows who are having their way,  
Would be touched by His power, just the same.



Those men I mean who are making the laws,  
They might give the poor farmer a chance.  
If they'd all *worked* as well as they prayed for the cause,  
Why, we'd be a few steps in advance.

Now, here they are taxing property twice,  
And those who for homes are in debt  
Pay the interest and taxes; isn't that nice  
For the rich more money to get?

Well, I've argued with some, and what did they say?  
That we'd no business to undertake  
To get us a home, if we couldn't see our way  
The expenses and interest to make.

That's it! That's just what they did with Christ;  
No shelter, no place on earth could He own,  
Yet for them He could give His work and His life  
To gain them a heavenly home.

Say, Mary, do you think we could glut and gorge  
And live on the sweat of the poor and weak?  
No. I'd rather lose twenty places, by George!  
Than to fatten on others like a cowardly sneak.

But, Mary, let's pray and get of God's grace  
To help us our burdens to bear,  
And Sikes will, perhaps, not foreclose on the place,  
If God in mercy will answer our prayer.

## RETROSPECTION.

BY ONE OF THE NINE-TENTHS.

Foreclosure! And that means ten years of hard work,  
With never a time of ease, and never a duty to shirk;  
With always a hope to retrieve the ground that was  
    lost,  
With ever the brave self-denial so many have known  
    to their cost.

Ten years is a short experience but it left a lasting  
    crook  
In my fingers; and a string of reminiscences to hang  
    upon the hook  
Of memory; while I lightly the way of "Prosperity"  
    tread,  
With rented apartment to sleep in, and eat my "half  
    loaf of bread."

While I wonder and ponder on what in the future I'll  
    fare,  
'Was discharged from work, "not needed," my em-  
    ployer didn't care;  
But said if ever I wanted he'd give me a recommend;  
Yet that will not buy the "half loaf." He does not  
    comprehend

That it takes a deal more of courage than I've left  
after the loss  
Of home and friends and comfort; I couldn't grab at  
the toss  
Of his paper, which with words of "faithful service"  
he'd inscribe.  
My word's as good as *his*. I suppose it hurt my  
pride.

Yet "beggars can't be choosers;" but you see it  
makes one feel  
Quite homelike, self respecting, leaves one an air  
genteel,  
To know you were not humbled by one who ought to  
know  
That praise from him, would merely be an empty kind  
of show.

I'm telling this to show you, 'tis in the common line  
Of nine-tenths of the people; the other one-tenth shine  
As benevolent employers—distributers of alms.  
Give thanks to a kind Providence, of conscience have  
no qualms.

But times are changing somewhat, at least they are  
with few,  
And we sometimes hear quotations about the  
"conscience new;"  
That is, a growing tendency of feelings 'kin to shame  
To use the work of others without just pay for same.

Some rich men feel they're cowards unless they do  
their share  
Of labor; and too have moral courage "divisions"\* to  
declare.  
They scorn to see the women do the work too hard for  
them,  
And idly sit, make no protest; it lowers them as men.

A man's true sphere upholding, they the "conscience  
new" adorn;  
All childhood finds them champions true, to stations  
they're not born.  
The right of common manhood's ties is all they care  
to own,  
The right of wife and children dear, and for them all  
a home.

I'm hoping that this conscience rare will spread as fast  
as grip,  
Attack the wealthy one-tenth, like the slaver's heart-  
less whip,  
Drive out the hog-like tendencies, all they can grasp  
to hold  
Leave them with manhood's new ideals; God speed to  
rest the old.

---

\*Of gains, to employees.

## A PLEA TO THE VOTERS.

I am here tonight to plead with you, my brothers.  
You hold the Nation's welfare in your hand,  
You hold in sacred trust the lives of others,  
Oh, is it not a time to understand?

Is it not time to think of those who labor?  
Who *must* submit to dictates stern and wrong?  
Can you not feel the wounds that hurt your neighbor?  
Will you not give a joy to those who've suffered long?

You know so many lives that have been darkened;  
You know that misery dries the fount of human joy;  
You also know that those who have not hearkened  
To God's commands, sin did their works destroy.

I pray to you, to all that's good within you,  
To the sublimest, holiest thoughts you hold,  
To memory of past pains, from which Christ's death  
did win you,  
By sufferings which so oft have been retold.

In His dear name, O, do his burden-bearing,  
Use mind and hand to help each one to live  
A life of health, with trust in God; so sharing  
All that is good in life. Be glad you thus can give.

With generous thought, give freely of the learning  
With which the years of toil have marked the brow,  
Give *now*, to save the little ones ; your yearning  
Hearts I know are pleading for their welfare now.

Then never stop to ask if these are worthy,  
Repulsive though they seem, the Master such would  
save;  
Purge now your souls for Him, from all that's earthy;  
"Well done!" will recompense for all you gave.

---

#### A PROTEST AGAINST FILLED CHEESE.

Just a word, you honest farmers  
Who your milk to factory take,  
Do you know the milk they're skimming  
And from skim-milk cream-cheese make?  
O they cheese it,  
And they grease it,  
Then they squeeze it;  
Thus they make their full-cream cheese.

\*Blake, I see, will try his power  
To suppress this swindle great ;  
But his " Bill " will get a shower  
From the swindlers in the State.  
For they'll freeze him,  
And they'll squeeze him,  
And they'll grease him,  
Till he'll dread to say cream-cheese.

Let consumers stop the swindle ;  
Is this what you farmers say ?  
Then your honor's on the dwindle,  
And for it you'll have your pay,  
O they'll grease you,  
And they'll squeeze you,  
Then they'll freeze you  
From the profits of cream cheese.

If there's any any manhood in you,  
Though you nothing have at stake,  
When with grease they try to win you,  
Just support that " Bill " for Blake.  
Stop their greasing,  
Stop such cheesing,  
Stop such fleecing,  
By these makers of *filled cheese*.

---

\*Member of Wisconsin Legislature.

“UNDER PRESSURE.”

Must the tension or pressure be daily applied, to urge  
you to do your best?

Will you only be manly and strong when into *hard*  
*service* you're pressed?

We women are praying for help, to men of power and  
strong will,

To raise *the standard for all*, and yet be gentlemen  
still.

Do you care if those children are sickly and sad,  
through lack of nourishing food?

Are politics rather distasteful to you? or are you so  
“unco gude”

That you think it would harm you to mix in the fray  
And contest for right, 'concerned what “our circle”  
might say?

Our nation has need of your *mind power*, in planning  
and taking the stand

That *justice be done to her children*; that *greed* shall  
*not* rule our land.

Will you use your power as you ought, not because it  
may bring you fame?

Or will you idly look on, lest politics smirch your  
fair name?



TO BROTHER J. L., AFTER READING HIS  
"COMPENDIUM ON PROTECTION."

Protection, dear brother, is splendid,  
I've wished for a little so long;  
Your issue is ably defended,  
Your argument lucid and strong.

I agree with some of your statements,  
But think of a different need:  
The protection of women and children,  
The weak and the sick from the greed

Of the men who demand without mercy  
All their toil,—even honor and life  
Will not spare; if it fill but their purses  
They will sanction humanity's strife.

To bring under meek subjection  
Those islands that want to be free;  
Perhaps *they* will call this protection,  
That defines not the term for me.

I would ask that our glorious nation  
Shall take better care of her own;  
Save her children from death of starvation,  
And give them a sheltering home.

And more, the chance to be healthy,  
Grow stronger in body and mind;  
A privilege reserved for the wealthy.  
Am I leaving your issue behind?

Well, as far as the duties concerning,  
That are laid on imported goods,  
By experience our nation's been learning:  
Tax luxuries, not needed foods.

Could we do our own producing  
Of all that we need, then 'tis plain  
That better *our* goods we'd be using,  
Than of Russia, or China, or Spain.

For then we would not be in danger  
Of importing the germs of disease.  
Let's restrict on importing the stranger  
Who's afflicted with any of these.

From within we first must be strengthened,  
Ere help we can give across seas;  
Our power will never be lengthened  
Or broadened, by conquest to please.

While I'm speaking, the right that is moral  
Should also be so under law;  
On *this* issue I know we'll not quarrel,  
For you're learned in detecting a flaw,

Or falsehood, or word that is plainer,  
You know how, through law, courts succeed  
To interpret to all who's the gainer,  
With lawyers and jury well feed.

You're aware of the toilers' condition,  
How adrift they are suddenly turned?  
Their faithfulness brings no fruition.  
This lesson I've thoroughly learned.

We ask that our nation supply us  
With work at a living wage,—  
Not leave it to men who deny us  
In chosen pursuits to engage.

Then the homes that are needed, dear brother,  
How they're wrecked, or never are made,  
With poverty's outlook; no other  
Has progress of nation so stayed.

Good workmen are fearful to marry,  
Lest they earn not enough to provide;  
And loved ones the burden must carry,  
Then at last be swept under the tide

Of ignorance, hunger, and failing  
Of health, brought on in the train,  
When exertions prove all unavailing  
Necessities of life to obtain.

The *Social Problems*, far-reaching,  
Need thoughtful study to find  
Solution. When doctrines you're teaching,  
Consider *these* well in your mind.

## A WARNING.

Yes, make another promise;  
Poor dupes, we'll take your word.  
"Be patient and long suffering,"  
This text we've often heard.

Ignore your pledge, 'tis easy,  
A slight pretext will do;  
Honor is a dead letter,  
Unless it's gilded, too.

Get all you can and keep it;  
Forget "Thou shalt not steal;"  
If but man's law uphold you,  
O'erreach in every deal.

Think you'll escape God's justice?  
Never! Be not deceived;  
Falsehood has lying children  
Who parents' hearts have grieved.

Of sowing and of reaping,  
You know the law, then heed;  
Lest growing tares and nettles  
Proclaim, you've sown the seed.

## RESURRECTION.

The good, toiling, sorrowing people are crucified ever  
anew,  
And want's heavy boulder is shutting the heavenly  
scenes from their view.

The sepulcher guarded by statesmen, well backed by  
the opulent powers,  
Keep watch that the spirits entombed there, rise not  
through the somber night hours.

Hush! Gaze on the vision of fancy! The watchers have  
fallen asleep;  
The angels of justice descending, their pledges of  
mercy now keep.

The sepulcher wide now they open; the spirits within  
are set free;  
Morn finding the sad hearted women, their grief  
turned to joy as they see

The grave opened wide and the garments but left to  
assert who's been there.  
Straight-way they proclaim the glad tidings; their  
hearts have been lightened of care.

Joy! Joy! The great, generous, true men have dared to  
be brave, and to die  
To selfish indulgence of luxury, while need and  
despair raised a cry.

In quiet they suffered and labored, while rulers and  
priests thought them dead;  
Behold this their resurrection! with disciples they  
break now the bread

Of happiness, knowledge and beauty, and rest after  
toil's wearing strain.  
We are glad of the Christ-love within them, that unto  
the lowly ones came

And gave us the hope of the future, the humble all  
glory shall share.  
But *pride will have no resurrection*, to mar other  
lives that are fair.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

Hero, and leader, thus far you've been tried and never  
found wanting.

Bred where humanity's brain power and sinews are  
made.

Once sore defeat of your hopes you endured, the gibes  
and the taunting

That triumph is right, unabating your zeal to the  
cause for which martyrs prayed.

Not *this* the test of endurance; but when victorious,  
leading,

When with the flattery of demagogues you are  
beleagued,

When with seared conscience like another from  
promise receding,

Duped by false sophistry, blind to barter of those  
who intrigued—

To the betrayal of trust, with the shining bait are  
tempting,

What though you lose; for the sake of our country's  
honor, be firm;

Weld us again to brotherhood principles, no one  
exempting

From right by his labor to live, when democracy's  
days shall return.

## ENGLAND.

England: A deathless infamy will soil your history's  
pages,  
Your starving foster children's pain will be avenged  
by God.  
You heed no warnings plainly told by your true sons  
and sages,  
While millions gasp in agony upon a grassless sod.

You are reaping the curse of the dying;  
You may tremble at judgment morn;  
India's air, with its pestilence, sighing,  
Condemns your refinement to scorn.

England: 'Tis cruel sacrifice; brave lives for yellow  
metal;  
Your queen would far more honored be, to wear of  
thorns a crown,  
Than jewel-crowned in robes of state, each gem a flow-  
er-like petal,  
Bought with the blood of England's men, for honor  
and renown.

You are seared with your conquests for glory,  
You are carnal and dull as a clod;  
Gaze unmoved on the soil that is gory  
With victims whose blood cries to God.



“ DO WELL THY WORK.”

The hint that you offered, was needed,  
For the work was left partly undone;  
If my pleadings for *right* are unheeded,  
And your efforts for *good* are not won.

If phrases and words were more cutting,  
Would the vanity pass from your life?  
Is the cataract of self darkly shutting  
Out light, and needs the sharp knife?

You were needing a spirit that's willing  
To help struggling lives, and make glad;  
Yet were seeking your comfort, and stilling  
The “small voice,” whose witness you had.

This is harsh; but I know you'll forgive me  
In the coming years, when you know  
That I did *well* the work which you bid me,  
Yet suffered in doing it so.

## TO SELF-ORDAINED ARISTOCRACY.

From the eastern states and northern, come they to  
this land of flowers,  
'Natures shrunken, 'spite their blue blood, stiffened  
with a family pride ;  
But the warmth, and genial welcome, soon exerts its  
soothing powers,  
And the blood gains richer color as the sympathies  
grow wide.

### *Moral:*

Let your sympathies be broad enough to reach each  
human heart,  
And your thin blue blood will change into a richer  
healthier glow,  
Leave your cherished family boastings of the chilly  
climes apart,  
In this land you'll gain no laurels on the musty doc-  
uments you show.

## TO EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY.

Build up your social barriers high;  
Look down on those who toil with aching frame;  
Oppress and scorn them, till their hearts are dry,  
But stoop to utilize their toil for gain.

Strut proudly to club or church, attired in the fashion;  
Use often "our servants," to make the distinction  
more clear.

It matters nothing to you their pain and their passion;  
They are less than the dust beneath you; you are  
glad your slurs they can hear.

What will exclusiveness avail  
When shams of earth at last away are swept?  
Your social barriers then will surely fail,  
Though here the honest poor low down they've kept.

## SOCIAL EQUALITY.

Distinctly unequal: That lovely talented young woman  
You are helping to ostracise, because of her father's  
trade?

And you are a *Christian*? Such conduct we term  
*inhuman*;

We who dare not echo one-half the professions  
you've made.

Intellectually, doubtless, above you, as you are admit-  
ting;

Morally strong, and spiritually saintly and pure;  
Speech and actions at all times a lady befitting,  
Not your social equal? You're mistaken, dear sir,  
I'm sure.

Father a carpenter? Can it be you are really forgetting,  
Jesus was following the trade you affect to despise?  
So this contemptible farce by your silence abetting?  
Keeping an angel down? And *you* hope to rise?

'Blinded by prejudice: Will you not ask the Redeemer  
To give you a spiritual vision, to clearly behold'  
That God made greater the life of sweet Ruth, the  
gleaner,  
Than queens, whose lineage on centuries' pages are  
scrolled?

## BRING A SOUL UNTO LOVE'S ALTAR.

A gentle maiden with Christ's spirit shining in her  
face,  
Had toiled from childhood till the years gave her a wo-  
man's grace.

The way unaided and uncheered, alone she bravely  
trod,  
Save for the comfort that Christ gave in leading her to  
God.

Now for her gracious charms, a lover seeks her for his  
own,  
Offers his strong, protecting arms; his heart to be her  
throne.

"I had no kind protection through the years when I  
was weak,"  
She answered; "And those words seem idle that you  
speak.

God will give me His protection, which you need as  
well as I.  
The throne you offer is *too low*; I seek the one on  
high.

You have buried all your talents, till with rust they're  
covered o'er.

First use well what God has given you, then he'll surely  
give you more.

Let that *self* be all forgotten in the doing of His will,  
Let the thoughts of noble manhood you with grander  
purpose fill.

Man and woman must stand equal evermore before the  
throne

To be judged; this is the sequel that in future will be  
known.

A woman cannot give her life and soul, by man to be  
controlled,

And, like Esau, have her birthright for a mess of pot-  
tage sold.

Do not think your name an honor, though you're rich  
in worldly things;

I can never worship Mammon, and serve Christ, the  
King of kings.

Go and pray, and work with zeal, your lost inheritance  
reclaim ;

Bring a soul unto love's altar, ere you seek a soul to  
gain.''

Man can never have his Eden by the serpent unbe-  
guiled,

When he giveth nought to woman, but the things that  
are defiled.

## THE GENERAL-HOUSEWORK GIRL.

In the kitchen, through the house, all day the household's comfort making,

Is the busy, helpful girl; does all that she can do.

All alone, ah bitter shame! her hurried meal she's taking,

In the heated kitchen, often from the *scraps*; 'tis strange, but true.

Tired at night, with famished mind that craves a change, a higher longing,

No one of the well-fed family will think or care,

When discouragement she shows, they with suspicions wronging

Her, will pry and question, thinking thus they do their helpful share.

When in godly piety you sit at meal and ask a family blessing

On the well-cooked viands, that a savory odor give,  
She who meekly waits outside, knows Christ's law  
you're transgressing

Thinks that if life were all like this, 'twere better not to live.

“ Starving would I rather be, than for such vulgar  
women housework doing.”

Such the words came from a friend, an honest, faith-  
ful girl.

Wonder not that girls will leave, perhaps a life of want  
pursuing,

None to guard them, downward drifting, greater loss  
than costliest pearl.

O ye women, keen of mind, all *other* wrongs perceiving  
clearly,

Seek no statements for excuse, of sophistries beware;  
Think ye now how you are paying with these lives of  
girls too dearly;

I know well whereof I speak, for listen: *I've been  
there.*

Yes, I've sweltered all the day, when the meal-room  
needed cooling ;

Have baked those famous pies that oft a blessing got;  
Have said I am learning surely of those who now are  
ruling,

While they dined on the good food that for hired girls  
is not.

All in silence lived I through it, learned how other  
girls are living,

Learned *why* self-respecting girls were hating house-  
work so.

Solved the problem which to you in love I'm giving:

*Treat as equals all, and life in harmony will flow.*



## RECOMPENSE.

In course of fifteen minutes idle chatting,  
I've learned I'm thought a valuable machine.  
Why, yes, I dust the things and clean the matting,  
And do all else I'm told in times between.

Strange, isn't it, that I remain contented?  
Studying and working without praise or blame?  
Crave not from others flattery sweetly scented?  
Toil not, for what I know would bring me fame?

*How can I help?* The time is drawing nearer  
When I can do *all* good, without the pain  
Of sacrifice; while thinking other lives are dearer,  
If they through me a solace only gain.

Rewarded? In the sacred, quiet hushing  
Of midnight, when the stars glow soft and clear,  
Joy comes to me; the Father lifts the crushing  
Sense of loneliness, saying: "To me, my child,  
you are dear."

DR. AND MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT.

Two perfect lives, by God designed are they;  
Wisely they thwarted not their Maker's will,  
But joined by Him in soul, His laws obey,  
And seek their earthly mission to fulfil.

Through human failures each gives help to each;  
Rising above defeats, they give us aid.  
Their lives filled with Christ-love more plainly teach  
Than discourses. These progress oft delayed.

What can we say to show our gratitude  
To you for showing us the beautiful way?  
We'll call you friends; whose faith you have renewed  
In a glad future for humanity.

And human friendship means so much, that we  
As kindred spirits rise to your fair plane,  
Knowing but partly now; *then* all we'll see  
Of the fair Eden whence the blessing came.

PASADENA.

Crown of the valley, you are gloriously fair,  
Yet all your outward charms to me do not appeal  
As those fair lives that work with anxious care,  
Sickness and poverty to aid, yet carefully their work  
conceal,

“Let not thy right hand know.” This is their chosen  
way ;

Seeking not loud approval or conspicuous place;  
Tired, O so tired with wearing, petty tasks that come  
each day,  
And misunderstandings seen so oft on each loved  
face.

But we who feel, and note each kindly little act,  
Will not, *can not* forget, and must our witness bear.  
The record is well made; on grateful hearts, each  
kindness and each tact  
To screen some weakness; they will even here  
Christ's glory share.

## THE GRANDEST MISSION OF WOMEN.

Had I children, what would I teach them?  
At first that they must be clean;  
And to honor the body that's given;  
Think ever by God they are seen.

In all dealings their motives to question,  
Be ashamed to deceive and o'er-reach,  
To control even righteous anger,  
Be thoughtful in manner and speech.

Then to this would I add some book learning,  
Some training of eye and of hand;  
Some problems of life and of morals  
I'd help them to understand.

And I'd teach them the blessed privilege  
Of coming to mother in grief;  
Learning there how our God is as loving—  
Loving *always*, while earth's love is brief.

Yes, I think that the life of a mother  
Has the grandest mission on earth;  
Yet no matter how humble is woman,  
She can show by her life-work, her worth.

Though no dimpled baby hands pet her,  
Nor fond husband guards and provides;  
Yet her life may be helpful and loving,  
And children's lips bless her besides.

## SPIRIT AND LETTER.

Mother, I love her,—to me the sweetest of womankind;  
Welcome her as your daughter, this tender, brave-  
hearted maiden.

I may search the earth wide, yet no truer helpmeet I'll  
find;

Just for my sake unbend, and meet her with mother-  
love laden.

Trust me; my love to you is strong, and never will  
fade

When she comes,—my heart's idol. Her spirit and  
mine were mated;

As the angels stood by and approved, the union was  
made.

Earth-life our growth perfects, and love should be  
here consecrated.

\* \* \* \* \*

My son, can you have suddenly become as one that's  
blind?

To not perceive the social distance that your lives  
divide?

I taught you early to select a lady of your kind.

Can you by marriage hope her social caste or work  
to hide?

Did she not as a common servant work for clothes and  
food ?

Our set such lowness, such a distance ne'er can over-  
look.

You'll break my heart if you persist in thought and  
act so rude ;

Think of our name, your sisters' pride, disgrace they  
cannot brook.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have thought of it all till I'm tired of the ceaseless  
round.

It will not break your heart, 'tis your pride that  
needs to be broken.

Dare I not seek her hand, though my heart is to her  
ever bound ?

What is name and position, to truth that is left un-  
spoken ?

Yet because of you, mother, I am weak,—a thing to  
despise.

Call it honor to break her heart, dearer than mine  
and better ?

You worked hard all these years just to make me more  
worldly wise ;

Never taught me obey in spirit God's laws, but in  
letter.

## DUALITY.

A voice within me saying I, complained it had been  
in a dungeon kept;  
And left uncared for there to lie, while jailers all the  
time away had slept.  
Once, when a melody was played, they faintly let a  
pale light wavering in,  
Again, a tender voice that prayed, made memory own  
this torpor life was sin.  
That melody, like deepening twilight on the heart-  
strings falling,  
That prayer, like tender mother-love is gently to me  
calling.

Far off and faint large-rounded words, the jailers warn  
the angel songs away;  
Near, soft yet real, like touch of birds, a balm is left  
where softly their wings lay.  
O echo the hollow words, you made them shut me yet  
more darkly in;  
The blessed gentle touch, like birds, took me unto the  
light, dispelled the self-like sin.  
Then awful sounds of threatening came as like a  
deathly chilling,  
Blest birdlike touch of sympathy, sent heart-throbs  
through me thrilling.

So with the strength in me renewed, back will I force  
those servants to their place.

Now with new joyful life imbued, at this late day I'll  
enter in the race.

The body, to the soul, in truth, forever more must  
now a subject be.

So long imprisoned by false sophistry, my soul thou  
now art free.

“Free from the wish for earthly praise, which steers  
one toward the breakers,

Free from the wish to please your minds, if it please  
not my Maker's.”



“TAKE YE AWAY THE STONE.”

(*John 11:39.*)

Marys and Marthas, o'er all the land are weeping,  
For brothers dead, in ignorance and sin;  
Though Christ assures them that they are but sleeping,  
Yet will they not believe, except a miracle be  
wrought by Him.

For every day will prove a father's blessing,  
If we, like Jesus, work in faith and prayer;  
Let us not be content our helplessness confessing,  
And like those sisters, leave *our* Lazarus there.

Think of that grave, in sacred writ recorded,  
As symbol of the apathy that reigns  
In minds, who deem that cunning is rewarded,  
Whose hearts are dead to all but visual gains.  
Think of the poor, whose souls are dwarfed and  
stunted,  
In constant labor for their daily bread;  
Who for relief from pain, will get their feelings  
blunted,  
Think of all these, dear friends, these are our  
Lazarus dead.

Shall we, like those of old, go sadly mourning,  
Wringing our hands in helplessness and woe?

Like Martha, say, Christ is too late, and scorning  
To think those dead so long, can come to life? Ah  
no.

Listen; these words have come to me so often,  
They touch my spirit with a living tone;  
I know if we obey, our grief will soften  
At Christ's command, "Take ye away the stone."

Take ye away the stone,  
Take ye away the stone.  
Remove the gravecloths, from the face,  
And let it wear its living grace.  
Roll ye away the stone.

This is our task; and when the graves unclosing,  
When sinfulness, neglect, oppression, are removed,  
We'll find though long in dust they've been reposing,  
God's will, that they shall live, is clearly proved.  
Then; O my friends, the rapture, the rejoicing!  
Our Lazarus, come back, to life to home,  
In songs of praise, our feelings we'll be voicing,  
And lowly thank our God that we removed the  
stone.

## EVOLUTION.

(*Isaiah 55:4.*)

Ye see the wondrous power of God in all creation,  
In the plants and beings that live for a better kind;  
Your knowledge and voice of the soul is the great  
translation

Of the care, the unceasing work of the Infinite mind.  
You acknowledge God speaks to your souls: "I want  
you to help me

To perfect the beautiful things which I have begun."  
He loves thee, O man, so much, this task He doth  
give thee;

In return he will call thee "My good, my dutiful  
son."

To woman, "My daughter, thou art loving and pa-  
tient;

O come to me close. The joys that are sweetest are  
thine;

Thou hast borne much, and must still bear, to work  
out salvation,

Help to mold the great forces, and save from the  
dust, the divine.

Ye ask of me often, my children, with weak under-  
standing,

What wouldst thou, dear Father, what wouldst  
Thou that we should do?

When ye feel that under My laws your minds are ex-  
panding,  
And the soul answers yes to its question, this call  
then is true.

“ In the far distant past I gave a great leader,  
My Moses, the pure moral law did proclaim,  
Yet they hardened their hearts; then I sent them a  
leader  
To quicken and save, with His love the lost souls to  
reclaim.

Now ye whom I call My own, His teachings will  
follow;  
And with great love like *His*, try the best I have  
given to save,  
Ye will work out my will, not make protestations hol-  
low  
That will sink all the pure and the good in a name-  
less grave.

“Ye will join in a beautiful band by glory surrounded,  
Ever rising up higher, till the lower ideals are out-  
grown;  
Be a symbol, a shining light, whose rays are un-  
bounded,  
Which, reflected on earth, will reach to the heavenly  
home.  
Then the low, lurid gleams of passion and sin no longer  
Will beckon the young into pathways of vice and of  
shame;  
The clear, all illumining light will ever prove stronger  
And cleanse the gold from the dross, with its beauti-  
ful, calm, steadfast flame.”

“ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.”

*(Matthew 7:7.)*

“Ask and ye shall receive,” came softly the assurance,  
When long I’d hoped some cherished end to gain;  
“Work and believe,” work with a calm endurance,  
And then success shall surely crown your aims.

In perfect faith, I asked a trifling favor,  
From one, an upright, honest man;  
His answer from the Word divine did savor:  
“I’ll do for you what I can.”

Ah, now I know that not from God alone  
Shall we ask help in time of greatest need,  
These human friends will make our cause their own,  
Will prove their friendship oft by generous deed.

## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

*(Matthew 10:16.)*

When the head is racked with a fever,  
And the body with hunger's pain,  
When from those you have helped you would borrow  
And find that your asking is vain ;  
Then the bitterness drives away hunger,  
But the fever burns on till it's low,  
And you think that the wisdom of serpents,  
Is better in future to know.

While the twilight descends, enter angels,  
Bright and cheerful each womanly form;  
The gifts which they bring are as potent  
As oil used to calm the sea's storm.  
The touch of their hands cools the fever,  
Their sympathy wakens your love ;  
Your bitterness fades with the twilight,  
While you choose to be meek as a dove.

## DELIVERANCE.

*“Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will  
deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me”*

Not in the morning's glow of life's glad sweet success;  
when showers  
Of earth's good things are falling 'round us, like a  
mass of flowers;  
Culled, but to make the pathway for our feet more fair,  
Wafting for us their dying incense on the air.

In days that are dry with despair, and hot with their  
torment of anguish,  
When doubt alternates fitfully with our dark fears,  
When oblivion but mocks, and no breath of hopes left  
to languish,  
As a ray for the future, *naught* left for pain's  
endless years.

Then in our memory let the dear words of our Father  
softly fall;  
This is the day of trouble; 'tis now in love, He bids us  
on Him call;  
Though shamed, bowed heads tell of our past ingrati-  
tude,  
Gently He lifts us upward to a blest beatitude.

Deliverance, with Him means a cure, and not a  
deadenng of feeling;

With a joy keen as pain, we feel the great gift He  
sends from on high;

Deliverance! The sting is all gone; the calm, blessed  
sense of the healing

Comes to us, His children, what less can we do than  
His name glorify.



“WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?”

(*Luke, 10:34-38*)

We, too, some time have come down from the heights,  
And wandered through the vale toward Jericho;  
Thieves have waylaid and robbed us of our rights,  
Leaving us wounded, helpless where to go.

The priests have passed us by with hollow cant,  
Self-righteously they kept on in their heavenly way;  
The Levite looked, thought of his stock of legal rant,  
To justify himself, passed on the other side, perhaps  
to pray;

And then, and then, O memory sweet and blest,  
The good Samaritan, in love drew near,  
Bound up our wounds, relieved the heart, oppressed;  
Gave all his own, welcomed us home, with faith sup-  
planted fear.

## INSINCERITY.

*“ This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me.”—(Matthew 15:8.)*

Their hearts are filled with vanity and gain;  
They bargain for a blessing in Christ's name ;  
They feel themselves thus sinking day by day,  
The beasts within them holding souls at bay.  
To quench the truth, and make the wrong seem right,  
They call on other spirits, black as night;  
“ Father, forgive !” they cry, but know they're *not* for-  
given,  
Their wordless lies are echoing back from heaven.

Atone, a still small voice says, while yet there is time;  
You've learned the Christ-way; His ways, God says,  
are mine.

Think how ignoble is the judgment that you crave,  
*Another* sacrificed your worthless selves to save.  
The lowest reptiles, judged aright and true,  
Would be more fit for heaven than such as you;  
They'd take their punishment a just reward for wrong;  
You'd want the noblest slain to save your coward clam-  
oring throng.

## DIVES VERSUS LAZARUS.

(*Luke xvi: 19-31.*)

Satiated, dreaming in your homes Elysian,  
Thirst for earthly things by choicest vintage quelled,  
Daring not an outward glance, lest the division  
You perceive which Dives' eyes beheld.

Refuse now with dogs your brother man partaketh,  
While they lick his wounds, you stolidly look on,  
With "Survival of the fittest," you forget God maketh  
*His* survival last, when theories are gone.

Chasms which can still be crossed are growing wider,  
Theories for conscience prove a useless salve;  
Spirit's voice awakeneth, when man has defied her,  
With reminder, she her rightful place must have.

With your hopes of sacrifice and substitution,  
This retain in thought: Ere pardon you receive,  
Willing to atone for all (just retribution)  
You must be, if Christ's salvation you believe.

Forced by spirit's torture, you the light beholding,  
Plead that to your own be one sent from the dead:  
Many-panged remorse has hidden for unfolding  
Still another: They to truth *will not be led.*

With the laws of Moses and the Prophets teaching,  
They will not believe. It surely would be vain,  
Conscience lulled by formal doctrines, to be reaching,  
Though one sent from heaven came back their love  
to gain.

Back o'er records look and learn a law that's primal,  
Wholesome fear of God, to knowledge makes a path;  
Knowledge gives a clearer sight that love is final;  
Love is given to him, who of God knowledge hath.

## TO YE SELF-RIGHTEOUS ONES.

(*Luke 18:11-12.*)

'Tis ye, like Pharisees, profess to lead Christian lives,  
Who torture your fellow-beings with pitiless doubt;  
Ye give no helping hand to one who justly strives  
To follow in the way our Savior has marked out.

Talk not to me of the Thomas who did not believe  
Till he thrust his hand in the Master's wounded  
side,  
*Your* faith is *more* hollow, for ye *will not* percieve,  
Till *every* quivering wound is opened wide.

It is Christians like you with their conscious worth,  
Are wrecking more souls than the infidel's pen;  
Ye kill the germs of Christ-love at their birth,  
By doubting every act time and again.

Ye talk of the tithes that are due to the Lord,  
That will rob the poor of their daily bread;  
While *your* nine-tenths *luxuries* afford,  
Poor sinless children go unhoused, unfed.

Unhoused? Aye, true. Though in pens some dwell,  
With starving mind and neglected soul.  
What say you? Are you doing well?  
Or will you in God's service now enroll?

Will you join in His cause? or drift with the tide?  
The tide so deceitful, so rushing toward sin.  
Will you help to uplift? To cast far and wide  
Your bread on the water, that soon will come in?

I plead with you now, in His name to deny  
Yourselves some luxury, and freely give;  
To bless with knowledge sweet, and wisdom from on  
high,  
The children's minds and souls that they may live.

If you find in the Bible some passage or law  
That seems to sanction your wealth to retain  
For selfish ends, then think it a flaw,  
And remember Christ's life and eternal gain.

O read it again with a reverent mind,  
That matchless sermon he preached on the mount;  
It will teach you the way, it will help you to find  
Contentment, when comes the final account.

## WHICH SHALL TRIUMPH? EVIL, OR GOOD?

*(Deut. 5: 9-10.)*

Heredity menacingly frowned as forward she ushered  
the tendency:

“More evil than good, in the human race ever is  
found;

And evil predominant now, will easily keep the ascend-  
ancy;

Good, slow in its growth, will rarely rise far above  
ground.”

Then Habit, in strength, urged quickly her claim's  
recognition:

“Repeat the good actions, and strongly the rootlets  
will grow,

And dwarf all inherited weakness until no volition

Is left to that power of evil which comes from below

The surface of outward sight.” “To the third and  
the fourth generation,”

Heredity shouted, ere Habit could finish her say:

“The sins of the fathers descend. This unchangeable  
law of creation

The balance power holds, when both sides you care-  
fully weigh.”

“ My ally,” said Habit, “ You’ve forgotten in part the quotation;

Let me finish, and entity lose, becoming a part thus of you;

‘ The good to the thousands rewarded shall be,’ has stood the probation

Of time; and Habit though here, in the next I’m inherited too.

“ You thought but of evil, when speaking; that meant retrogression;

I stood, for argument’s sake, on the other side.

We do the same work, though making a different profession;

I am growth; you, rebirth; and the field of our mission is wide.



## WHAT WILL YOU DO?

*(Matthew 18:14.)*

If the Saviour were with you today, and tenderly with  
you were pleading,

“Let the little ones grow in love, and so joyfully  
come unto me.”

Would you seek for some heavy cross, some burden  
with which you'd be leading

Them unto the Master's feet, thus bound, for him to  
make free?

Could you bear to see those eyes, with tears of sadness  
fast filling

When He saw your mistaken zeal, in pressing their  
happiness down?

You would realize then, that the life which He gave,  
you've been killing,

In your blindness in striving to give them a cross,  
instead of a crown.

You would see in a piercing light, how their souls you  
are bruising and maiming;

How the stones you are giving to them, instead of  
the nourishing bread;

How you flatter yourselves at their highest in life you  
are aiming ;

Then a stinging remorse comes too late, when the  
spirits within them seem dead.

Yes, the Saviour forgives you again, though yourselves  
you are still deluding;

Though so weary, He'll save those, in blindness you  
wilfully lost.

He knows in the Father's home of bliss there will be  
be no excluding ;

But will you, dear friends, make him suffer so much  
for the cost ?

## THE FULFILLMENT.

*(Luke 3:35.)*

Eighteen centuries have passed since Resurrection's  
hope began,

A spirit blossomed forth in love, in toil matured, and  
termed Himself the Son of Man.

He taught, for every dwarfed, misshapen thought that  
dies,

A new, more perfect one shall have its course;

That every act of justice soon will rise

To the dear Father, where it had its source.

Embodied in His life, the years He spent on earth  
Was all that's typical of perfect man.

He filled the purpose well for which His soul had  
birth,

Then went unto His own, where erst He dwelt when  
time began.

To us is left the record's golden light sublime.

A power applied to all who feel the need

Of help from some one gone before, a god to shrine

With human attributes, whose steps to heaven we  
may succeed.

L. d. C.

## THE VISION.

(*Matthew 18:22.*)

One evening as the sun was setting low,  
I paused to note the pretty golden glow  
That through the distant trees its beauty shed,  
Then like a flash my spirit onward sped.

It tasted the joys of heaven,  
The rapture no tongue can describe,  
I felt how to Jesus was given  
The glory of earth when he died.

And then I knew that one who loved me so,  
As He had bade the narrow way to go,  
And sweetly done so; till her spirit fled  
To that bright place; when here we called her dead.

She left to her mourners leaven  
Of love, that will raise like a tide  
The souls of sad ones to heaven  
In bliss with her there to abide.

With perfect love, this is the way I know;  
This did the vision clearly to me show.  
I felt I'd not done well; for time I plead  
For losing worldly self, and doing good instead,  
That others might know of heaven;  
That sin should never divide

The loved ones; that seventy times seven,  
Forgiveness shall not be denied

\* \* \* \* \*

The time was granted, and the creature taste  
Grew strong again; and often shut the heaven away,  
Yet evening brought the thought, I must not waste  
The time; and worthy be of given respite for an-  
other day.

The pleasures here, are grasped by those we save,  
We'll bear in silence till the ache is growing less,  
Then comes the mandate, once again be brave.  
You may prevent another's heart-break, your's the  
work again to bless.

This be our motive; you who know, and read  
These pages o'er will never have a doubt.  
Words sharp force thoughts soft phrasing cannot lead;  
Truth must come firm and sure, though surface  
polish be left out.

My people dear, my patient toiling friends,  
I've felt the scorn and want since helpless childhood  
time;  
This tribute to you: Love that never euds,  
Till right and goodness blot the memory of each  
bitter line,



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